

DWIGHT'S AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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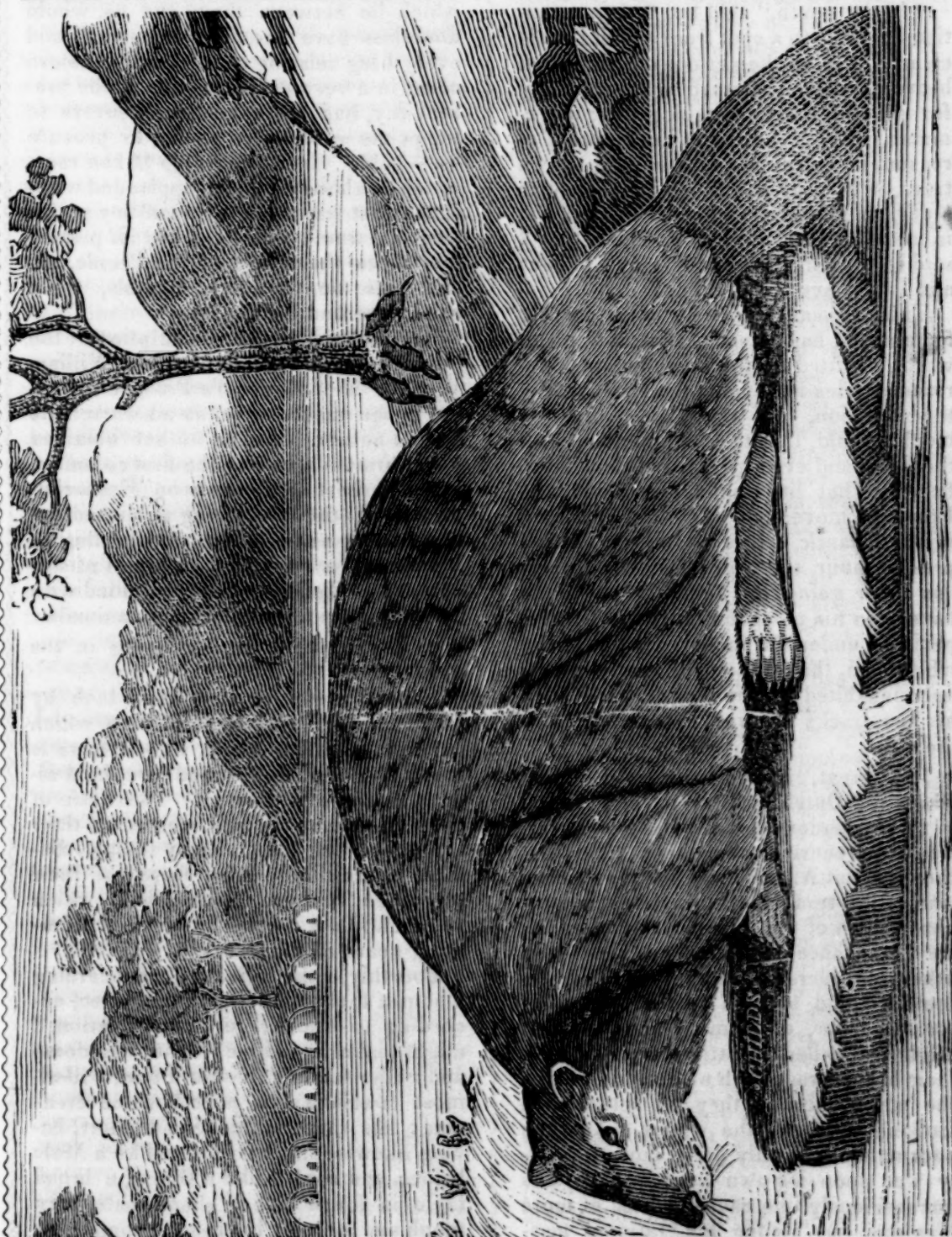
FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

EDITED BY THEODORE DWIGHT,
Express Office, 112 Broadway.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1847.

No. 33.



THE BEAVER.

This ingenious, and wonderful animal has ever excited peculiar interest, since the first knowledge of it was obtained. The remarks made by an Indian in the west, in conversation with a white man some years ago, pretty well express the feelings naturally excited in every reflecting mind, on considering the habits and sagacity of this singular quadruped.

"In my youth," said he, "having cautiously crept to a spot from which I could clearly observe the actions of a family of beavers, without disturbing them, I lay for several hours watching their movements. They showed so much proof of reason, in selecting and cutting down trees, in floating and fixing them to form a dam, in plastering it over with mud, and in constructing their habitations, that I said to myself, the beaver is my brother; and I have never killed one."

This animal, however, unfortunately for himself, has a coat of hair so fine and warm, so fitted for the manufacture of various articles in demand with the lords of the creation, and therefore worth so much in gold, that the sentiments of brotherhood and even perhaps of humanity, have had but little influence on his fate. From the moment when the settlement of our Atlantic coasts was begun, to the present hour, the war of extermination has been going on; and, so assiduous have been his persecutors, the Indian especially, under the encouragement of the white man, that millions of square miles, once inhabited by the beaver, have seen his last tracks forever obliterated from the soil.

The great, indeed, the only object which the Dutch had, for several years, in their intercourse with Hudson River, was to procure beaver-skins. The fort they built at Albany was for the protection of the traders, who came out to purchase them of the Indians; and of so little importance in their eyes was every other consideration, that they made no pretence, and seemed to feel no desire, for sometime, of forming anything that might be called a settlement. Pushing their beaver-trade with all activity during the warm months, they all returned to Holland to spend the winter. And the poor animal not only drew down a deadly war upon his own head, but he was unconsciously one cause at least of more than one war among his 'rational' masters. The French competed, manœuvred,

intrigued and fought for the beaver-trade on the lakes, and up to the Mohawk; and the history of the fortresses of Oswego, Crown Point and others are connected with that of the beaver-trade.

To pass over many other facts and epochs, the discovery and occupation of a large part of Oregon, and our knowledge of many of the various regions which lie between them and us, would doubtless have been long retarded, and everything relating to our north-western coast in a very different state at the present day, had there been no beavers to tempt the adventurer so far, to procure — gold. Even, the Anglo Saxon race, which has been too much applauded within the past few years to 'need' any praise from us, would not have had its present footing on the shores of the Pacific, unless this unpretending, humble, timid quadruped had led the way.

The following is the description of the beaver which we find in old William Wood's 'New England's Prospect,' written in the quaint style, so characteristic of that author. As the author obtained his information among the first colonists, in the earliest settlements on Massachusetts Bay, (the book being published only fourteen years after the landing at Plymouth,) it represents that part of our country as then abundantly supplied with these industrious and harmless animals.

"Chapter VII. Beasts living in the water.

For all creatures that lived both by land and water, they be first Otters, which be most of them black, whose furre is much used for Muffes, and are held almost as deare as Beaver. The flesh of them is none of the best meate, but their Oyle is of rare use for many things. Secondly, Martins, a good furre for their bignesse: Thirdly, Musquashes, which be much like a Beaver for shape, but nothing neare so bigge. * *

Fourthly, the Beaver, concerning whom if I should at large discourse, according to knowledge or information, I might make a volume. The wisdom and understanding of this Beast, will almost conclude him a reasonable creature: His shape is thicke and short, having likewise short legs, feet like a Mole before, and behind like a Goose, a broad taylor in forme like a shoe-soale, very tough and strong; his head is something like an otter's head, saving that his teeth

before, be placed like the teeth of a Rabbit, two above, and two beneath; sharpe and broad, with which he cuts down Trees as thicke as a man's thigh, afterwards dividing them into lengths. according to the use they are appointed for. If one Beaver be too weake to carry the logge, then another helps him; if they two be too weake, then *Multorum manus grande levatur onus.* * *

"These Creatures build themselves houses of wood clay, close by the Ponds sides, and knowing the Seasons, build them answerable houses, having them three stories high, so that as land-floods are raised by great Raines, as the waters arise they mount higher in their houses; as they assuage, they descend lower againe. These houses are so strong, that no creature saving an industrious man, with his penetrating tooles can prejudice them, their ingress and egress being under water. These make likewise very good Ponds, knowing whence a streame runnes from betweene two Hills, they will there pitch downe piles of Wood, placing smaller rubbish before it with clay and sods, not leaving, till by their Art and Industry they have made a firme and curious damme-head, which may draw admiration from wise understanding men. These creatures keepe themselves to their owne families, never parting so long as they are able to keepe house together; And it is commonly sayd, if any Beaver accidentally light into a strange place, he is made a drudge so long as he lives there, to carry at the greater end of the logge, unless he creepe away by stealth. Their wisdom secures them from the English, who seldome or never kills any of them, being not patient to lay a long siege, to be so often deceived by their cunning evasions, so that all the Beaver which the English have, comes first from the Indians, whose time and experience fits them for that employment."

CHINESE FISHING CORMORANTS. — The most singular of all the methods of catching fish in China, is that of training and employing a large species of cormorants for this purpose, generally called the fishing cormorant. These are certainly wonderful birds. I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes in the interior, and had I not seen with my own eyes their extraordinary docility, I should have had great difficulty in bringing my

mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them was on a canal, a few miles from Ningpo. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in the quarter, where I intended to remain for some time, in order to make some collections of objects of natural history in the neighborhood. When the birds came in sight, I immediately made my boatmen take in our sail, and we remained stationary for some time to observe their proceedings. There were two small boats, containing one man and about ten or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the little boat, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boat by their master; and so well trained were they that they went on the water immediately, seated themselves over the canal, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful sea-green eye, and quick as lightning they see and dive upon the funny tribe, which once caught in the sharp-notched bill of the bird never by any possibility, can escape. The cormorant now rises to the surface with the fish in its bill, and the moment he is seen by the Chinaman, he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master, and allows himself to be pulled into the san-pan, where he disgorges his prey, and again resumes his labors. And what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size, so large that he would have some difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united capture the fish, and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful and swam about without attending to his business, and then the Chinaman with a long bamboo which he also used for propelling the boat, struck the water near where the bird was, without however hurting him, calling out to him, at the same time, in angry tones. Immediately, like the truant schoolboy who neglects his lessons, and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play and resumes his labors. A small string is put round the neck of the bird, to prevent him from swallowing the fish which he catches; and great care is taken that this string is placed and fastened so that it will not choke him.—SEL.

Streets of Paris.

Though France be the native country of feudalism and chivalry, yet the Paris of the middle ages is not a very interesting city to the imagination. It wants a distinct historical character. It has no monuments of splendid civic aristocracies, like those of Italy; nor of the higher order of burgher-life and independence, like the cities of the Netherlands; no sacred corner, like Westminster, with its overpowering tide of national recollections. It scarcely showed any signs of the turbulent freedom of the old communes, except once, in the ferocious period of the Burgundian and Armagnac massacres—unless we are to add the time of the League, with its coarse and sanguinary fanaticism. For a city of such antiquity and importance, moreover, it is remarkable how little Paris has, or ever had, to show of the architectural splendor of the ages in question. Except the Sainte Chapelle, no first-rate specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, as far as we are aware, ever existed at Paris; none, at least, of Parisian origin and character. Notre-Dame is a poor specimen of the art of the fourteenth century. The absence of steeples and pinnacles in the distant view of Paris; the peculiar feature of most old northern cities; is very noticeable; nor were they ever much more numerous than at present. Nor are we believers in the tales which Parisian antiquaries very pardonably credit, of the ancient splendor and wealth of their capital. We have no faith in the 275,000 inhabitants whom Dureau de la Malle crowds within its narrow circuit in the reign of Philip le Bel; and scarcely believe in the 40,000 well-armed soldiers whom it turned out, if we may credit Monstrelet, in the middle of the famine and miseries of the fifteenth century. Compared with other famous towns of Europe, for the seven long centuries after Charlemagne, we believe it to have been a poor and gloomy city; not incorrectly represented, perhaps, by such wretched outskirts as the Faubourg Saint Marcel in later times, by which Candide entered Paris, and "thought himself in the most miserable village of Westphalia;" which banished all Alfieri's illusions, and seems to have left so indelible a first impression on the wayward Italian, that he could notice nothing in the French capital but the poverty of the pub-

lic buildings, and the 'bruttissime facie del le donne.' Its slow and often-interrupted improvements seem to have been generally the results of royal command, ill obeyed—rarely of civic or national spirit. There was no pavement until the royal stomach of Philip Augustus was turned, as he looked out of his window in the Cité, by the odors proceeding from a wagon ploughing up the mud of the streets; and the mandate which issued thereupon must have been slowly executed, for years elapsed before the perambulation of the streets by pigs was forbidden, when a son of Louis le Gros had been thrown from his horse by one of these untoward animals. Things, moreover, must soon have fallen back to their ancient condition; for the modern pavement of the Cité is said to be six feet above the level of that of Philip Augustus. From Philip le Bel, who built the first quay, down to Napoleon, who completed the double line within which the waters of the Seine are imprisoned, the chroniclers scarcely mention one popular name, among the long series of monarchs, to whom Paris owes these indispensable constructions.

The ancient university, the Sorbonne—nay, the Jesuit colleges, often remodelled and interfered with, never were the slaves of kings or popes, but sometimes their masters. And it so happens that the venerable quarter of the Pays Latin, still peopled by students, retains at the present day more of tradition, more perhaps of substantial antiquity, than all the rest put together. You may see at the College de Dainville, the very window, or that which has passed for centuries as such, from which the body of Peter Ramus, murdered for denying the infallibility of the pope and Aristotle, was thrown on the pavement below. Hard by stands the old College des Cholets, where Buridan, that sage of equivocal reputation, rescued from his sack and the Seine, maintained for a whole day the thesis that it was lawful to slay a queen of France. The neighborhood of the Sorbonne contains the College or Hotel de Cluny; not historically celebrated, but the most beautiful specimen of Gothic art extant in Paris. It was utterly unknown and neglected for ages.

But if the early history of Paris is thus comparatively scanty in topics of interest, the era which commences with the

revival of letters makes abundant compensation by the wealth of its recollections. The sixteenth century, of which we have scarcely any memorials left in London, is the date of many of the most remarkable buildings of Paris; the Tuileries, part of the Louvre, the Hotel de Ville, and many churches and still surviving hotels. Others, of greater magnificence, have passed away; such as the Hotel de la Reine, built by Catharine de Medicis, on the site of which the present Halle aux Blés stands, perhaps the finest private building of its age: its elegant tower alone remains. The sixteenth century began by emancipating kings and their dwellings from the constraint of feudalism: and was, at least in Northern Europe, peculiarly the era of palaces and courts.

If the reader would obtain a view of the spot which may almost be called the cradle of French social civilization—if he would at a single glance realize, to a certain extent, the external world of that era of chivalry and literature, wit, buffoonery, extravagance, and imagination, which is portrayed in the French Memoirs of the seventeenth century—he should travel in a direction in which, probably, not one in a thousand of our countrymen in Paris ever bends his steps, and, leaving the squalid bustle of the Rue Saint Antoine, turn by a narrow street into the Place Royale.

All the great hotels which we see here, of which the gates are closed and silent; and all these lofty windows, where no one shows himself except some servant-girl in rags; how were they called heretofore? These were the Hotel Sully, the Hotel Videix, the Hotel d'Aligre, the Hotel de Rohan, the Hotel Rotrou, the Hotel Guemenee; noble dwellings turned into ill-furnished lodgings, against which the cobbler of the corner, and the public scribe, have reared their squalid stalls! What may these aristocratic walls think of seeing themselves thus decayed, silent, disdained!

This famous Place Royale occupies the site of the ominous Hotel des Tournelles, built, or rebuilt, by an Englishman, the regent-duke of Bedford, when the English counted on the permanence of their dominion in France; the scene of the splendor and the crimes of the house of Valois; the site of the tournament where Henry II. received his mor-

tal wound; pulled down, in consequence it is said of superstitious terrors, by his son Charles IX. The Place Royale was built by Henry IV., and its style of architecture served as the model of Covent Garden, as well as many other civic constructions of the same age. Fashion soon selected its magnificent hotels for her residence; from which it has now departed for many generations.

Under the reign of Louis XIII., however, this silent square was the centre of society in Paris.

But while Richelieu broke down the feudal power of the nobles on the one hand, his jealous rule prevented the formation of any brilliant court on the other. Nor was the character of Louis XIII. suited to render him the centre of a sparkling circle, or the leader of the fashion of his kingdom.

The last epoch of the Hotel Rambouillet, as Sainte Neuve remarks, was from the death of Richelieu to the Fronde, (1642-1648.)

While the Spanish war lasted, Paris, as we have seen, held continual festival. But after the peace of the Pyrenees, and the death of Mazarin, (1660), the king and court began to remove from Paris, first to Fontainebleau, afterwards to St. Germain, and ultimately settled down in the stateliness of Versailles.

The Marais, or neighborhood of the Place Royale, continued long to be the fashionable quarter. The quays of the left bank, whose architectural embellishment dates chiefly from this reign, became popular as promenades: the world of fashion, for a few years, used to parade up and down the broiling pavement of the Quais des Theatins and Malaquais. But the eastern end of the Faubourg Saint Germain was ultimately selected, in 1687, after many delays, as the headquarters of Comedie Francaise.

It was not until the reign of Louis XV. that the Faubourg Saint Germain became the aristocratic quarter; a glory which may now be said to have nearly abandoned those monotonous walls, to irradiate, for the present, the gayer roofs of the Faubourg Saint Honoré.

The melancholy quarter of the Isle Saint Louis, which arose out of a building speculation of the seventeenth, was for a time a favorite resort of second-rate fashion, and legal fashion in particular.—*Edinburgh Review*.

How to Get a Good Husband.

MR. EDITOR.—Having already published several articles on this subject, I presume that you will have no objection to insert the following, and by so doing you will much oblige
Yours &c. C. R.

In the Magazine of the 26th of June, you ask some dozen questions, which you say were induced by reading an article entitled, 'A good Husband,' published several weeks since, and desire answers.

As no one appears to have answered them so far, I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous, if, in the name of the young men of the city of New York, and in want of a better person, I undertake the task. But at the same time it should be understood, that I do not do so for the sake of controversy, but merely to arrive at the truth.

We admit that a young man may affect modesty and a retiring disposition, but, that a female should be deceived thereby, implies a want of penetration on her part.

We also acknowledge that it is quite as unpleasant for a man or a woman, to be too careless, as too particular in dress.

It is not 'impossible' for a man to suit his opinions and feelings to the taste of his companion, 'unless she is very difficult to please.'

The presence of the mother or any other person is often an unnecessary restraint, and it shews great inquisitiveness on their part, to be 'in the way.'

We cannot deny that some men are very extravagant in cigars, and we condemn them as much as you do, but tobacco is not used by every one.

It is not necessary for a lady to run all over the world 'in search of a husband,' for the courting is done by the gentleman.

When you become acquainted with a gentleman, it is very easy to get introduced to his family, and may be able to form an opinion as to whether he will make you a suitable companion or not.

Awkward men, or those that are usually called so, often make the best husbands, for they are generally 'modest and retiring:' two prime qualities with you. Besides, if awkwardness is the only failing, it may be easily remedied.

And here allow us to ask you a question. Will it make a man any the less awkward to laugh at him, as is too often done by 'ladies?'

If you find that a young man is very attentive to you, and to you alone, is kind to his parents, brothers and sisters, is attentive to his business, has respectable connexions, and above all possesses good sound morals, you may be sure that his heart is yours, and that he will make you a good husband.

In conclusion we would ask the same favor as the Editor did, and which you promised to grant if desired, viz.: 'That you would shew us how to get a good wife.'
C. R.

Conquests and the Conquerors.

All history is but a record of strife and bloodshed; and the great epochs of time are merely the eras of the mightier conquests which have changed the fate of nations and the face of the world. Learning, virtue, philanthropy, the progress of civilization and the happiness of the race, are the hidden incidents and forgotten interests of a page which is occupied with the annals of ambition. The instincts are predatory; and the great glory, and the great passion of man, is to carry the arms of the conqueror over the widest territories,—to devastate and to enslave,—and, in the conceit of his divinity, to enjoy, like a god, the savor of the sacrifice offered by his own passions to his own honor.

But in all our admiration—perhaps our envy—of the great deeds of conquest which have given immortality to nations—while we forget the woe of the vanquished, how little do we think of the fate of the conqueror! It is something to ponder on the Egyptian, and Assyrian, and Persian,—to follow the Greek and the Tartar, the Roman and the Goth, the Saracen and the Norman, on their several paths of fame. It is still better to accompany them to the conclusion of all their victories, the destiny which, like a grave, swallowed up their might, their national existence, everything but the memory and the hollowness of their glory. There is an avenging Nemesis that pursues in the track of the conqueror. There is a Providence which has never yet failed, in its own good time, to visit with retribution the sins of the people whose ambition is for rapine and subjugation. It seems, in fact, a law of nature, that the conqueror should draw upon himself the fate of the blind Sampson, and perish, sooner or later, among the

ruins of his own making. Every brilliant conquest of the ancient world was followed by exhaustion and decline; and every nation of enslavers of that period has vanished in utter extinction, or remains in broken fragments, feeble, degraded, and almost, or quite in bonds. The fate of Rome—Rome the warlike, Rome the mighty, Rome the free—the thrall of her own slaves, the very victim and burnt offering of the pitiful savages over whom she had been wont to triumph so easily, is only a more tremendous illustration of the punishment which has overthrown other conquering nations; and it is the more interesting to us, because it is our pride—or folly—to trace an imaginary parallel between the Rome of the Old, and the Rome of the New World. May there never be any real resemblance!

One inevitable destiny of the conquering race appears to be, that it must ultimately sink down into, and be lost, in the race it has conquered, when the latter is an inferior one. The re-action of the slave upon the master is greater than that of the master upon the slave. It is, undoubtedly, a mistaken idea that Rome civilized the nations she subdued; or that they gained in any proportion with what she lost. She gave them roads and theatres, arches, aqueducts, and tax-gatherers; she gained from them luxury, and vice, and the forgetfulness of arms and patriotic feeling. It is a folly of modern philosophy to wonder that the Normans left so slight an impress of their language and spirit on the nations they conquered, and to attribute the failure to the weakness of their numbers. The same phenomenon followed the irruption of the Tartars into China, India, and Europe. It may be said to characterise all conquests. It is the law of destiny. The fever of conquest is but an introduction to the exhaustion, which ends in the lethargy of demoralization. The acquisition of North America was an adventure of colonization, where the conflict was with the forest, and the red man melted away, without being conquered. In Spanish America the case was entirely different. There, all was conquest; and the vanquished races still remain, the slaves or associates of the Spaniards. But what a transformation has already happened! What a difference between the Castilian 'conquistadores,' the followers

of Pizarro and Cortes, and their descendants, the present rulers and freemen of Peru and Mexico! They have sunk already to the level of weakness, almost into the barbarism, of the children of the Incas and of Montezuma; and in Mexico, at least, they vapor and boast, and surrender the inheritance of their fathers at the first shock of the hostile foreigner. They have conquered; they have been in possession of their conquests for three centuries, and the race of slaves is the same; but they, degenerating under a law that cannot be resisted, seem only to have reached that depth of degradation, from which there is but one step into absolute ruin and extinction.

With a doom so dreadful presented as the final destiny of the conqueror, why should not we aspire to the conquest of Mexico! We may be able to subdue the whole land; but, sooner or later, the penalty must be exacted. We never could hope to elevate the seven or eight millions of Mexican castes into sharers of our own civilization. Do we want seven or eight millions more slaves? Or do we dream of universal extermination? Nothing else could, perhaps, avert the alternative, the ultimate degeneracy and demoralization, which might, in the progress of years, reduce even an American within the vengeance, perhaps beneath the contempt, of the Aztec. The true glory of the Republic we have heretofore found in the cultivation of the arts of peace and obedience to the laws of God. There, also, and there only, we shall find the continuance of its prosperity and the assurance of its safety.—*N. American.*

DEGENERACY OF THE ELM IN ENGLAND.

—In the article of elms, our misfortune is the great facility of raising them from suckers and layers. If raised from suckers, they are always suckers, and they fill the ground all round about with suckers; if raised from layers, they are always merely the limb of a tree, and they begin to branch away before they attain any height; if you attempt to prevent this by pruning, you have a little knotty thing, good for very little as timber, and ornamental in the eyes of those only, who like to see a sort of broom at the top of a handle 40 or 50 feet long. We have gone on at this rate, until people actually think the elm has never any seed!—*Cob.*



AN INDIAN DANCE.

All our readers who have ever witnessed an Indian dance, we have no doubt, have participated with us in those feelings of sadness, pity and repugnance, if not of horror, which they are certainly well-fitted to inspire. We can say for ourselves that, although kindly disposed toward the red race, and perceiving certain traits, in their character and habits, more pleasing and promising than many of our countrymen appear to have discovered, the first time we ever witnessed one of their dances they appeared in a more painful and discouraging light than before.

Exhibitions of the kind are now frequently made in our cities, for the amusement of spectators: but to us the effect was of a very different description. And not only was the impression strong and distressing, but the scene suggested several new subjects of consideration and enquiry, which have since recurred to mind, and led to some conclusions of importance. On previous pages we have expressed our views of savage dances. (See vol. ii. p. 153, 305, &c.)

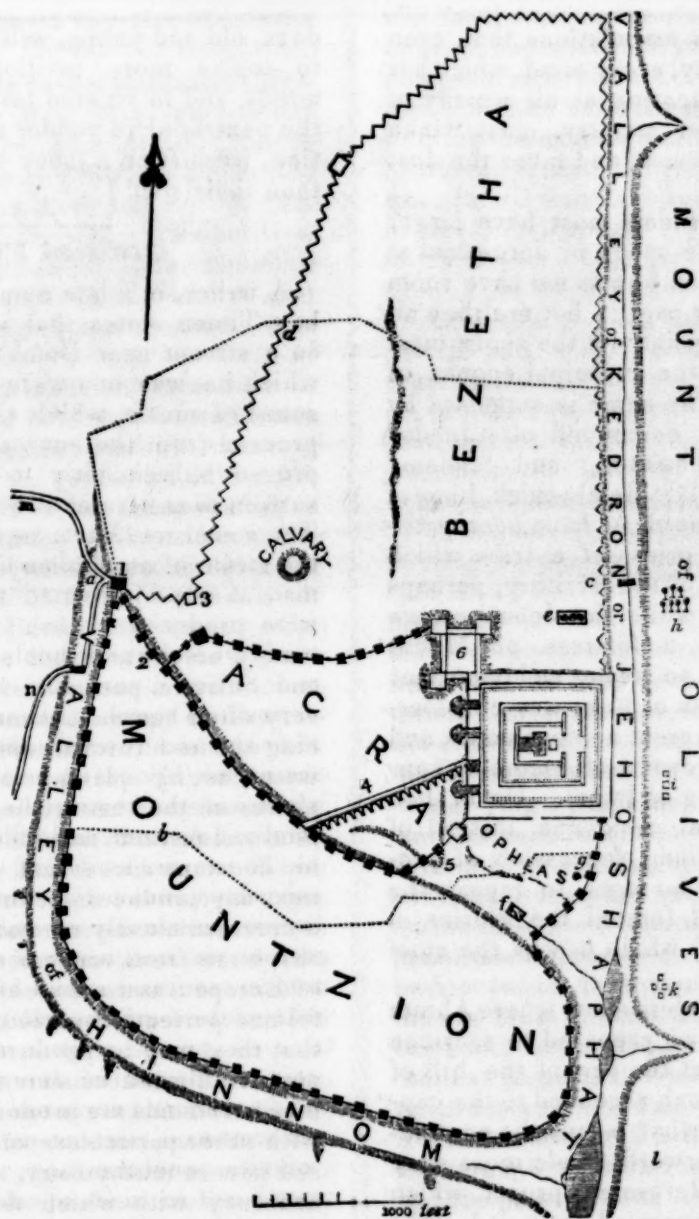
The figures depicted above are fantastically dressed and painted, and armed with various weapons, which they hold and brandish in different ways. The postures are generally awkward, and some of them, with the aspect of the countenances, are disgusting.

In all these points the drawing is true to life. The Indians take pride in making the worst grimaces possible on oc-

casions like these, and in throwing their bodies into the most unnatural postures. Those who have witnessed such exhibitions must have been struck with astonishment at their ability to invent, as well as to perform movements of the trunk and the limbs which would appear equally impossible, and painful to the actor, and disagreeable to the spectator. Every degree of latitude appears to be allowable in these movements, so long as the step is kept, the time observed, and the place of each in the ring is occupied. The dress and decorations are left to the fancy of each; and while one is half wrapped in a deer-skin, another wears the head of a buffalo, with the long, thick hair covering his face and shoulders, and those who have their faces otherwise exposed, are usually disfigured with dashes and spots of bright paints, which almost as effectually remove the aspect of humanity.

It may indeed be doubted, whether any other exhibition could be invented, in which the nature of man could be rendered more revolting to the mind, than an Indian war-dance, accompanied by their representations of ambushing, tomahawking and scalping.

Indian dances are of several kinds: but the chief are those of war and religion. Among the former are ranked those performed before and after campaigns, expeditions and battles. The latter class include a great variety, performed among different tribes.



A MAP OF JERUSALEM.

This outline-map was designed partly to show the probable line of the old northern wall of Jerusalem, as traced by Mr. Jones. We may use it also for other purposes. By comparing it with the view of the city from the Mount of Olives, in our first volume, page 113, the reader may be able to fix some of the important points most distinctly in his memory. Imperfect as both these prints are, they may afford assistance to the imagination. And it is the imagination which is called into exercise, and properly, legitimately so, whenever a foreign city is described to us, as well as any other unseen object.

How well would it be for us all, if right

impressions of this most interesting place were accurately and vividly made upon our minds! How much more important to a sound literary taste, as well as to our intellectual enjoyment, and moral and religious character, is a familiar acquaintance with Jerusalem, "the perfection of beauty," and "Mount Zion, the joy of the whole earth," than all other cities in the world! Every part of it is associated with some of the facts or instructions of the Word of God; and the well-furnished mind and well trained heart know how to draw instruction, consolation or reproof, warning or encouragement, from a glance at the map, and the sound of every name inscribed upon it. And so

abundant are its associations, that, even at the present day, every mind, which has received an education at all worthy of our time and our country, must "take pleasure in the stones, and favor the dust thereof."

Many of our readers must have larger and more minute maps of Jerusalem at hand, than such an one as we have room for on one of our pages: but are they all able readily to point out the spots most distinguished at the principal epochs of her history? The name is supposed by many to be a compound of 'Jebus,' (meaning the Jebusites,) and 'Salem,' (meaning peace.) "Melchisedek, king of Salem," is supposed to have been patriarchal ruler and priest, of a tribe which inhabited a part of the territory, perhaps Mount Moriah; while the Jebusites, we know, long had a fortress on Mount Zion, which was so strong and important a position, that its capture was considered one of Joab's great achievements, and gained him the reward of becoming son-in-law to the king of Israel. David then made it his royal residence, instead of Hebron; and a long succession of prophets continued, for ages, to repeat the high praises, and foretell the glories of that kingdom of which it was the chief emblem.

Can all our readers show where Abram is thought to have prepared to sacrifice Isaac; or point at the part of the hill of Zion by which Joab ascended to the capture; or tell by what means the communication was afterwards made more easy with the city of Jerusalem proper, which was naturally separated from it? The Mosque of Omar now stands in the square, near the eastern wall; and there was the Temple of Solomon. Who can recal with due particularity the important outlines, given in the Scriptures, of the history of the first and second temples; and of the destruction of the last by the Romans, as recorded by Josephus? These, and a thousand other points are not matters of mere literary importance. They are intimately connected with the great lessons written for the benefit of our hearts and lives, to guide us from day to day in the way to "the New Jerusalem," "the heavenly city," "the mother of us all."

These are hints, few and brief, but founded on truths of inestimable magnitude and import. How many of our rea-

ders, old and young, will turn from them to topics more inviting to enfeebled minds, and to vitiated tastes, and devote the next hour to yonder new work of fiction, fresh from a fancy still more astray than their own?

Musical Fish.

A writer, in a late number of the Bombay Times, states that whilst in a boat on a stream near Bombay, the party of which he was one were startled by the sound of music, which they believed to proceed from the near shore, but which proved subsequently to come from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The sound was like a musical bell, or like the strain of an Æolian harp. The boatman at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette, perfectly well known and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water, or, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel, the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatman next day produced specimens of the fish; a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh water perch of the north of Europe; and spoke of them as plentiful and perfectly well known. It is hoped that they may be produced alive, and the means afforded of determining how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed new in ichthyology. Of the perfect accuracy with which the singular facts above related have been given, no doubt will be entertained, when it is mentioned that the writer of the account was one of a party of five intelligent persons, by all of whom they were most carefully observed, and the impressions of all whom in regard to them were uniform. It is supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities: shallows, estuaries, and muddy creeks rarely visited by Europeans; and that is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.

Fluency of tongue, and a little modest assurance, though very well for imposing on the unwary, go but a short way when you have to deal with those who are really worth pleasing.—*Art of Conv.*

Reasons assigned for the Mexican War.

1st. According to the Executive Message of the 11th May, 1846, the war was merely 'defensive,' was forced upon us by Mexico's crossing the Rio Bravo into our territory, and there slaying our people—in a word, according to the Message, "the shedding of American blood upon American soil"—while, on our part the object of the war was to 'repel invasion!'

2d. The proclamation furnished to Gen. Taylor, and promulgated on the 4th June, 1846, stated the justifying cause of the war to be, 'the refusal of Mexico to pay the indemnities due for spoliation of our citizens,' and the object to be to re-establish a free government in Mexico, instead of that of Paredes!—(This latter was a modern 'Democratic' reason—the "people did not know what they wanted.")

3d. In his Annual Message of December, 1846, the President stated to Congress that he directed Gen. Taylor to advance to the Rio Bravo 'in consequence of the refusal of the Mexican Government to receive Mr. Slidell as our Minister'—when in truth the final rupture between Mr. S and the Mexican Government did not happen until about two months after this cause and act of war had transpired (the issuing of the order to Gen. T.)

4th. In the proclamation sent to Gen. T. from Washington, the further object of the war was said to be—To overthrow the then existing Government of Mexico, to re-establish the freedom of the Press, and to set up a Republican Government in Mexico—which designed "republican government" was avowed in the Annual Message to have been the rule and government of Santa Anna!!

5th. The object of continuing the war (as the President assured the country in his Message) is, 'to secure a peace!' Quarrelling for the pleasure of making up. Without war there would be no necessity of making peace. But to 'make' war to 'secure' peace, is not only witty, but wise, according to Mr. Polk and his cabinet.

6th. The President in his Annual Message promises thus: "The war will be vigorously prosecuted there (in Mexico) with a view to obtain an honourable peace, and thereby secure ample indem-

nity for the expenses of the war." It will be seen, and should be remembered, that no peace with Mexico can be "honorable" that does not secure "ample indemnity for the expenses of the war."

7th. Conquest. The Congressional organ of the Administration, the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, in his Report on the President's Message, avowed for the President the acquisition of California as the object of the war. The Report said: "Complaints of the resort to territorial conquest from Mexico, are disarmed of reproach by the facts that Mexico, by war, constrains the United States 'to take by conquest' what, ever since Mexican independence, 'every American Administration has been striving to get by purchase;' and that 'the Executive orders, and military and naval execution of them, for the achievement of conquest, have conformed not merely to long established policy of our own Government, but wise principles of self-preservation, indispensable to all provident government."

8th. That 'Conquest,' and not the former assigned objects, moved the administration, is evident, because, before he could have received orders from Washington based on the commencement of hostilities at Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto (which took place on the 8th and 9th of May, known at Washington on the 23d,) Com. Sloat, on the 6th July, '46, as "Commander-in-chief of the U. S. naval forces in the Pacific Ocean," issued a Proclamation "To the inhabitants of California," declaring that he was about to take possession of that entire department,—that "henceforth it will be a portion of the United States"—and that "its peaceable inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges as the citizens of any portion of that Union," &c.

9th. In the proclamation issued by Gen. Kearney, (22d August, 1846,) putting aside all pretence of title up to the Bravo, he announces his "intention to hold the Department with its original boundaries (on both sides the Del Norte) as a part of the United States, and under the name of the Territory of New Mexico." This announcement was rendered necessary, because here the impotent act of Texas Legislation, claiming boundary to the east bank of the Del Norte, (under which claim Gen. Taylor was ordered to advance before Matamoras,) would

not answer. The state of the Santa Fe Expedition, with its disastrous issue, made it impossible to advance this fictitious claim, in the face of so recent defeat in attempting to enforce it.

10th. The Government Organ at Washington, in assigning the sequestration of the Church property of Mexico as a policy which the Government might adopt, makes one of the main objects, and clearly indicates as a reason for the war 'the existence of the Catholic Religion in Mexico,' and the bringing about popular enlightenment by introducing there more elevating forms of faith.

11th. Gen. Scott, in promulgating under instructions the latest causes of the war in his Proclamation issued at Jalapa on the 11th of May, '47, sets all the former avowals aside. He says: "Whatever the origin of the war, the United States were forced to undertake it, [a phrase admissive of who did commence it] by causes unknown to the greater part of Mexico." This is a curious admission. There is no recital of old declared grievances. But what is this hidden cause? Mark it:

"Considerations of high policy and of 'Continental American interest' precipitated events, in spite of the circumspection of the Cabinet at Washington. This cabinet ardently desiring to terminate all differences with Mexico, spared no efforts compatible with honor and dignity. It cherishes the most flattering hopes of attaining this end by frank explanations and reasonings, addressed to the judgment and prudence of the virtuous and patriotic Government of Gen. Herrera. An unexpected misfortune dispelled these hopes and closed every avenue to an honorable adjustment. Your new Government disregarded your National interests, as well as those of Continental America, and yielded, moreover, to foreign influences the most opposed to those interests—the most fatal to the future of Mexican liberty, and of that republican system which the United States hold it a duty to preserve and protect. Duty, honor and dignity placed us under the necessity of not losing a season of which the monarchical party was fast taking advantage. As not a moment was to be lost, we acted with a promptness and decision suited to the urgency of the case, in order to avoid a complication of interests which

might render our relations more difficult and involved."

Here is a total change. A new front. All the reasons before given are cast aside. Our "Continental Policy" must be maintained! "Mexican Liberties" must be preserved! When was this policy so far elevated as a principle or recognized as a constitutional requirement, as to require war at the hands of the President for its maintenance and execution? Then the failure of peace negotiations with Herrera, so prominently put forth as a necessity for war, it is known that they were urged in a form which insured their failure, claiming to carry them on by an extraordinary Minister, instead of a Commissioner, when 'the virtuous and patriotic' Herrera asserted (and our Government admitted) that such persistence would defeat the negotiation and overturn the administration on which peace depended, bringing in one (that of Paredes) already pledged to war!—*Western Paper.*

MAMMOTH CAVE.—A gentleman lately discovered a "Mammoth Cave," in the county of Maury, Tennessee. He in company with another, entered the cave, which they supposed a small one, in search of fugitive slaves; and after proceeding a considerable distance they endeavoured ineffectually to retrace their steps. "In this dilemma," says the account, "to remain inactive was sure destruction, for no one knew of their designs or situation, and the only determination was to proceed, if happily they might find some outlet. While wandering on in this most singular adventure, sometimes stumbling over rocks, and at other times on their hands and knees, crawling through narrow entrances into large and spacious rooms, beautifully decorated with stalactites of glittering appearances, hanging in various forms and shapes, with walls of rock on either side, their steps and voices echoing through the grottoes and deep recesses, passing streams of thirty and forty yards in width, and some three or four feet in depth, they at length became greatly encouraged, from the circumstance of their lights burning more freely; and renewing their efforts, they soon discovered an outlet, and found themselves on terra firma, and above ground.

They entered the cave between nine

and ten o'clock in the evening, and came out about three o'clock in the morning, having been six hours in this subterranean region, travelling with all the speed their strength would admit of, until they found an egress. It was sometime before they could make out their position, and when they did so, they found themselves about six miles from the place of entrance."—SEL.

The Appian Way.

In this age of road-making, it cannot be uninteresting to refer to the excellence of those paved highways, which connected the provinces of the Roman Empire with the capital. The most celebrated of these was the 'Appian Way,' near which was Apia Forum, along which the Apostle Paul once travelled. This road was commenced by the celebrated Sabine Noble, Appius Claudius Cæcus. It was the first scientifically constructed, and well did it deserve the name given it by Statius, "the Queen of Roman ways," (*regina viarum*.) It was at first completed as far as Capua, a distance of 125 miles; afterwards it was continued to Brundisium. The way in which it was constructed was as follows:—A trench was dug about 15 feet broad, until a solid foundation was reached. Where this could not be found, as in marshy ground, piles were driven in. Above this were four layers of materials. First of all a course of small stones was formed, then broken stone cemented with mortar was laid to the thickness of nine inches; above this was a compost of bricks, pottery, and mortar, six inches thick. On the top of these, large blocks of very hard stone, joined with admirable skill, formed the upper surface. Each of these stones measured four or five feet. This causeway was strewn with gravel, and furnished with stones for mounting on horseback, and for indicating distance. Even in the time of Procopius, the middle of the 6th century, and more than 800 years after its formation, this road was in excellent preservation. He says, "An expeditious traveller might very well perform the journey from Rome to Capua in five days. Its breadth is such as to admit of two carriages passing each other. Above all others, this is worthy of notice, for the stones which were employed on it are of a very hard nature, and were certainly conveyed by Appius

from some distant place, as none of the kind are to be found in the neighborhood. These having been cut smooth and square, were fitted closely together, without using iron or any other substance; and they adhere firmly."—SEL.

POISONED ARROWS.—The poison for arrows differs almost with every tribe; and very mysterious ceremonies are observed at its preparation. On this account, the art of preparing it and the ingredients employed, are only very partially known to Europeans. Their elements are obtained from several plants not yet defined botanically, among which the 'Apuhuasca' and poisoned capsicum are much resorted to. Infusions of the leaves of a very strong kind of tobacco, and of the Sanano (*Tabernamontana Sanano*, R. P.) and of *Euphorbiaceæ*, are also taken. Some modern travelers, contrary to the testimony of the oldest writers on Peru, have asserted that no animal substance is employed in the poison for arrows. I am, however, enabled to state, on the authority of an Indian, who had himself often made poison that not only the black and very poisonous emmet. '*Cryptaceo atrato affin*'), but also the teeth of the formidable serpent known to the Indians by the name of *Miuamaru*, or *Jergon*, (*Lachesis picta*, Tsch.), are used for that purpose. The wound of the poisoned arrow is fatal and rapid. Men and large mammalia die in about four or five minutes after receiving the wound: the smaller mammiferous animals and birds in two minutes. The blow-reed sends these deadly arrows with great certainty, to the distance of thirty-two or thirty-six paces. Hunting with the blow-reed must be long practised in order to acquire dexterity in its use; and great caution is requisite to avoid being wounded by the small sharp arrows. An example came to my own knowledge in the case of an Indian, who let an arrow fall unobserved from his quiver. He trod upon it, and it penetrated the sole of his foot. In a very short time he was a corpse.—*Tschudi's Travels in Peru*.

We say there is no beauty in this or that, when in truth there is beauty in all that comes from the hand of God; and were our eyes not dimmed by looking on the grosser things of this world, we should see it.—*Ellen Pickering*.

BOTANICAL.

Geographical distribution of the Cactaceæ.—The cacti display curious evidence that their position has not been altered since the creation of organic beings on the surface which they inhabit: a most striking circumstance of interest both to the student and the geologist. They are wholly confined to the meridional parts of America, from 30 deg. S. to 40 deg. N. latitude; and they there occupy the same position as the succulent euphorbias in Africa and Asia; and they negatively seem to prove, that ever since their production, the Atlantic Ocean was a barrier between them. We have said that they are wholly confined to America, but there are some exceptions, as four or five species are found in the Canaries and Valdivie islands, on the coasts of Africa, and the opuntia is also found on the shores of the south of Europe. It is cultivated in the island of Sicily, where it is the first that is planted in the fields of lava: for wherever a fissure or breakage is seen in the rocks, there they plant one; and the roots pushing break it further open, and this mechanically aids in the formation of future soil. Although these have been considered by some as natives of the south of Europe, growing upon a sandy soil, it is yet far more probable that, as they are exclusively natives of the West Indian islands and the continent of Africa, seeds of these have been accidentally wafted to these positions from the opposite shores,—the same as the seeds seen by Columbus drifting from the coast of America, and which confirmed him in the existence of that continent, which his fondest hopes so soon after were realised in the discovery of.—*Prof. Johnston.*

Paulownia Imperialis.—This is a highly ornamental tree, which has not been fully estimated in this country. It appears that for the first year or two, when planted in congenial soil, it grows most vigorously, and continues its growth late in autumn. The shoots, from their extraordinary grossness, are not properly ripened, and consequently get killed back to the harder parts in winter. I have plants at this moment with leaves 20 in. across, and shoots of the current year's growth 6 ft. long. I was informed that when first planted in the Garden of Plants at Paris, it grew away in the same robust

manner. This is not, however, now the case; the original tree which first flowered there is 30 feet high, the branches are about 20 feet in diameter, with a clean stem 3 feet in circumference. The leaves now upon this tree are about the size of those of the Catalpa, and the shoots scarcely exceeding a foot in length, which of course ripen perfectly. This is (October) covered with a complete mass of incipient blossoms, which do not expand until next spring, when the tree exhibits an inconceivable picture of beauty. It is a remarkable fact that this tree only flowers in alternate years, when it ripens an abundance of seed. What an admirable subject this is for shrubberies and general ornamental planting, both as regards its foliage and flowers, and may well be pointed out as an object deserving the attention of planters.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

[This splendid tree is perfectly hardy in the neighborhood of New York, and it is said that there is a specimen somewhere on the Hudson that has made shoots the present year eighteen feet in length!! This species was first introduced into the United States in 1842, by Messrs. Parsons & Co., of Flushing, who have a tree containing flower-buds in an incipient state, which may be expected to put forth some time next May.]—*American Agriculturist.*

Flemish Husbandry.—The Flemings, or inhabitants of Flanders, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, are celebrated for frugality and economy in farming, and for judicious modes of culture. A late traveller says:—"The country is a positive garden, and presents a most luxuriant appearance; the fields are streaked with all the colors of the rainbow. You will see, belonging to the same proprietor, fine green pastures, new-mown hay, bright yellow coleseed, pink and white clover, light blue flax, rye, wheat, barley, oats, and large plots of crimson poppies."

Coleseed, or rapeseed, is extensively cultivated in Flanders, France, England, &c., for the production of oil, and some agriculturists consider it one of the most profitable crops in husbandry. The produce on good land, in favorable seasons, is from forty to fifty bushels per acre. The seed is sold for crushing, or is crushed by the farmer himself; an oil mill being a common appendage to a farmery in

some districts. Four gallons of seed yield one gallon of oil. The straw is eaten by cattle. We believe that much of the oil imported into the United States from Europe, and sold here as linseed oil, is the produce of the rape or colseed.

The poppy is cultivated on the continent of Europe as an oil plant, and the oil is esteemed in domestic economy, next to that of the olive, being used for salad oil. The seed is sown at the rate of one gallon to the acre, and the average produce on rich soil, is about thirty bushels per acre. Five gallons of seed yield one gallon of oil. The poppy is harvested by shaking out the seed upon sheets laid along the rows.—SEL.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A True Story about a little Girl.

Mary was about five years old, but so sedate and careful, that her mother often sent her on errands down the hill. A wild, ill-tempered girl, larger than herself, lived in a house which she had to pass; and sometimes she would follow her, call rudely after her, and even strike at her. Mary at length became so much afraid of her, that she told her mother, who, therefore, sent her no more alone in that direction.

One day her father called her to take a walk with him early in the morning; and after he had showed her some men building houses, and answered her questions about the stones, mortar and boards, he took her into a baker's shop, and held her up in his arms, to let her see how he made bread and biscuits.

The baker was pleased, and put two cakes up neatly in a piece of paper, and her father let her take them in her little round, white hand, to carry home. They took the street which led by the naughty girl's house; and, when they were near it, Mary said, "There is the girl who used to chase me. I should like to give her one of my cakes."

"Very well," said he, "I will go with you; and you may give it to her." "Father," said she, "I should like to have you." So he took her with one hand, and a cake in the other, and went across the street. The girl saw them coming, and looked as if she was afraid; but he spoke to her with a mild voice and said:

"My little girl says that you sometimes chase her in the street, and you have frightened her so much that she has been afraid to pass by your house. She thought that if she should give you this piece of cake, and ask you not to frighten her again, you would not do it any more; and she wished me to come and give it to you."

"The girl seemed to wonder at these words: for people are apt to think others feel as they do. She looked ashamed, and then looked kind, and then said, 'Well, I will not do so any more.' So she took the cake, and Mary and her father went home.

When the table was ready, her father and mother sat down to eat; and, as Mary was asleep and not there to hear, they began to talk about their little children. The father told about the cake; and then said, "O, I wish men and women would always do as right as Mary did. How few disputes and troubles there would be in streets and houses, in towns and countries! How many wars between nations would have been saved!

Now let my little readers ask themselves, can I not do as well as Mary did, and love my enemies, bless them that hate me, and do good to those who ill-treat me? That is what the kind Jesus said we ought to do. Perhaps you are angry with some one now. Perhaps you love to tease, and pull, or pinch, or make faces at smaller children. If you do so, you are not like one of God's dear little children.

RECEIPTS.

Superior Corn Bread is made in a southern negro cabin, with meal and water only, thoroughly worked into stiff dough and palatably salted, then laid between two cabbage leaves and buried like a potato to roast in the hot embers of a wood fire. Such corn bread is good—cheap—easily made—but never grind the meal fine. This is where the English will fail; they talk of "flour of Indian corn;" that spoils it most surely.—*Ameri. Agricul.*

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble.

POETRY.

Never Be Sad.

Always look glad,—never be sad,
 Never seek trouble to borrow;
 Ever be gay,—cast gloom away,
 Leave it with care to the morrow;
 Ne'er wear a frown, look thee not down,
 Never be dull, or lone-hearted;
 Never from thee let thy all hopes flee,
 When summer-friends have deserted,

Up you must bear, give not to care
 Thoughts, but keep up thy heart chaery
 Still press thee on, though thou art lone,
 Never grow faint or feel weary;
 Look not behind;—then thou shalt find
 Dull care will come to thee,—never;
 And when at last, all shall be past,
 Troubles will leave thee forever.

[James H. Brown.]

God's Love.

Were all the earth of parchment made,
 Didst purest ink the ocean fill,
 Was every man a scribe by trade,
 And every single stick a quill—
 To write the love of God above,
 Would drain the ocean dry;
 Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
 Though stretch'd from sky to sky!

A Picture.

A farm house glistening in the rays
 Of the declining sun;
 Its owner sitting at the door,
 His daily labor done;
 Broad-chested and strong-armed is he,
 Sun-tanned and bluff and hale—
 One hand sustains his Bible, one
 His cup of Adam's ale!

The waving fields of silken corn
 Gleam in the setting sun,
 As, lowing, to their evening fold,
 Come Brindle, Black and Dun;
 The milk-maid trips across the lawn
 To claim their pearly store,
 The watch-dog trotting at her heels,
 And terrier Trim before.

Hard by, beneath her father's tree,
 And in her father's chair,
 With Heaven's own mildness in her face,
 The farmer's wife sits there!
 With eager eyes she peers among
 The fruit-o'erladen trees,
 Catching, with anxious ear, the sounds
 Borne onward by the breeze.

Now dips the Orb beneath the hills,
 His noon-tide glory past;
 And Evening's purple shroud enfolds
 His waning splendor fast;
 The rays are streaming up the sky,

In arrowy flights they run:
 The shadows vanish from the turf—
 He sinks—the day done.

How swift along the mountain's side,
 Released from village school,
 Two guileless, merry children leap,
 Absolved from rod and rule;
 Health sits upon their rosy cheeks,
 Loud rings their boyish glee,
 One springing into mother's lap,
 And one to father's knee!

Hither, ye toiling slaves of wealth,
 Ambition's fools, look here!
 Heave not your breasts with boiling thought?
 Starts not a welcome tear?
 Did all the trophies ye have won
 Of bliss bring half the store
 That animates this humble pair,
 Beside their cottage door?

[J. G. Gilbert.]

French Lines on Health:—

Jadis j'ai vu mes jours s'avancer vers leur fin,
 Un art souvent funeste, et toujours incertain,
 Allait détruire en moi la nature affaiblie:
 Le retour du printemps me rendit à la vie;
 Je me sentis renaître; et bientôt, sans effort,
 Soulevé sur ce lit d'où s'écartait la mort,
 J'embrassai ces amis dont les soins, pleins de
 charmes,
 Suspendaient mes douleurs, dissipaient mes
 alarmes;
 Je revis mes vergers, ces ruisseaux, ces fo-
 rêts,
 Que j'avais craint long-tems de perdre pour
 jamais.

Translation of French lines on Health, page 512.—

Charm of youth, soul of beauty,
 Companion of labor and temperance,
 Health, first of blessings, treasure of poverty
 Supporter of our virtues, source of our desires,
 Thou, without whom nature in vain offers us
 enjoyments,
 Thou returnest to console, in the new season
 (of the year),
 The dying who fails, the aged who calls thee.

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